

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1851.

NUMBER 2.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
BARNES & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.
TERMS.—Payment in Advance.
Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, \$1.00.
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, 1.50.
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements
as follows:
1 square 1 month, \$1.00; 1 square 1 year, \$5.00.
1 " 3 " 2.00; 1 column 1 " 30.00.
1 " 6 " 3.00; 1 " 1 month, 5.00.
Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-
ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-
dered out, and charged for. When a postponement
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.
Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.
Particular attention given to Blank Print-
ing. Most kinds of Blanks in use, will be kept
constantly on hand.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1851.

BALL & MARTIN, Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Michi-
gan.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hardware, Groceries, Provis-
ions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fancy
Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c. &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

WILLIAM M. FERRY, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Hardware, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Med-
icines, Boots and Shoes. Also, Manufacturer and
dealer in Lumber. Water street, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, &c.
at Mill Point, Michigan.

H. D. C. TUTTLE, M. D. Office, adjoining
Wm. M. Ferry's Store, Water street, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-
ton Street, Grand Haven.

LEVI SHACKLETON, Wholesale and Retail
dealer in Groceries, Provisions and Liquors.—
First door above H. Pennoyer's. Washington
Street, Grand Haven, Michigan.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and
Provisions. Washington Street, second door
East of the Ottawa House.

OTTAWA HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOYER.—
This House is well fitted and furnished, and the
proprietor is confident that visitors will find ac-
commodations agreeable, and terms satisfactory.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By EDGERLY & OS-
GOOD. The proprietors have the past Spring
newly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feel confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL HOTEL, By HARRY EA-
RON. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WILLIAM ORIEL, Boot and Shoemaker.
Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders
promptly attended to. Washington street, Grand
Haven, Michigan.

A. H. VREDENBURG, Boot and Shoemaker.
Shop over Wm. M. Ferry's store, Water street.

CHARLES W. HATHAWAY, Blacksmith. All
kinds of work in my line done with neatness and
dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Grif-
fin's Store.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office at the Ottawa House, corner of
Washington and Water streets.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—The subscri-
ber intending to leave Grand Haven, offers
at a bargain his house and lot, fronting the river,
on the high ground South of Eaton's Hotel, and
commanding a fine view of the river and Lake
Michigan. The property including the Ball Alley
adjoining, is well calculated for a public house, or
boarding establishment, and with little expense can
be made to accommodate as many travelers or
boarders as any in the place—a clear title given.
For terms which will be very low, apply to the
subscriber, or at this office.
Grand Haven. [It.] W. W. KANOUSE.

ALL WOOL, English Carpets for sale cheap at
GRIFFIN'S.

12, 14 & 15 inch super. Mill saw files, at
GRIFFIN'S.

D. R. S. Sawyer's Fluid Extract of bark, a cure for
the Fever & Ague, at Wm. M. FERRY'S.

WISTAR'S Balsam of Wild Cherry for diseases
of the lungs at Wm. M. FERRY'S.

GO AHEAD.

When your plans of life are clear,
Go ahead,
But no faster than your brains—
Haste is always in the rear;
If dame Prudence has the reins,
Go ahead.
Do not ask too broad a test—
Go ahead;
Lagging never clears the sight;
When you do your duty best,
You will know best what is right—
Go ahead.
Never doubt a righteous cause—
Go ahead;
Throw yourself completely in;
Conscience shaping all your laws,
Manfully, through thick and thin,
Go ahead.
Do not ask who'll go with you—
Go ahead;
Numbers! spurn the coward's plea!
If there be but one or two,
Single-handed though it be,
Go ahead!
Though before you mountains rise,
Go ahead;
Scale them? certainly you can—
Let them proudly don the skies;
What are mountains to a man!
Go ahead.
Though fierce waves round us dash,
Go ahead;
Let no hardships baffle you,
Though the heavens roar and flash,
Still, undaunted, firm and true,
Go ahead.
Heed not Mammon's golden bell—
Go ahead;
Make no compromise with sin;
Tell the serpent he looks well,
But you cannot let him in;
Go ahead.
Better days are drawing nigh;
Go ahead.
Making duty all your pride,
You must prosper, live or die,
For all heaven's on your side:
Go ahead.

JENNY LIND.

BY FREDERICK BREMER.

There was once a poor and plain little girl
dwelling in a little room in Stockholm, the capi-
tal of Sweden. She was a poor little girl in-
deed, then; she was lonely and neglected, and
would have been very unhappy, deprived of the
kindness and care so necessary to a child, if it
had not been for a peculiar gift. The little girl
had a fine voice, and in her loneliness, in trouble
or in sorrow, she consoled herself by sing-
ing. In fact she sang to all she did; at her
work, at her play, running or resting, she always
sang.

The woman who had her in care went out to
work during the day, and used to lock in the lit-
tle girl, who had nothing to enliven her solitude
but the company of a cat. The little girl played
with her cat and sang. Once she sat by the
open window and stroked her cat and sang,
when a lady passed by. She heard the voice
and looked up and saw the little singer. She
asked the child several questions, went away,
and came back several days later, followed by
an old music master, whose name was Crelius.
He tried the little girl's musical ear and voice,
and was astonished. He took her to the direct-
or of the Royal Opera of Stockholm, then a
Count Puhe, whose truly generous and kind
heart was concealed by rough speech and a mor-
bid temper. Crelius introduced his little pupil
to the count, and asked him to engage her as
"clerk for the opera." "You ask a foolish
thing!" said the count, gruffly, looking disdain-
fully down on the poor little girl. "What shall
we do with that ugly thing? see what feet she
has? And then her face? she will never be
presentable. No, we can not take her. Away
with her!"

The music master insisted, almost indignantly.
"Well," exclaimed he at last, "if you will
not take her, poor as I am, I will take her my-
self, and have her educated for the scene; such
another ear as she has for music is not to be
found in the world!"

The count relented. The little girl was at
last admitted into the school for *clerks*, at the
Opera, and with some difficulty a simple gown
of black bombazine was procured for her. The
care of her musical education was left to an able
master, Mr. Albert Breg, director of the song
school of the Opera.

Some years later, at a comedy given by the
clerks of the theatre, several persons were struck
by the spirit and life with which a very young
clerk acted the part of a beggar-girl in the play.
Lovers of genial nature were charmed, pedants
almost frightened. It was our poor little girl,
who had made her first appearance, now about
fourteen years of age, frolicsome and full of fun
as a child.

A few years still later, a young debutante was
to sing for the first time before the public in
Weber's Freischutz. At the rehearsal preceding
the representation of the evening, she sang in a
manner which made the members of the orches-
tra at once lay down their instruments to clap
their hands in rapturous applause. It was our
poor, plain little girl here again, who now had
grown up and was to appear before the public
in the role of Agatha. I saw her at the evening
representation. She was then in the prime of
youth, fresh, bright, and serene as a morning in
May—perfect in form—her hands and her arms
peculiarly graceful—and lovely in her whole ap-
pearance, through the expression of her counte-
nance, and the noble simplicity and calmness of
her manners. In fact she was charming. We
saw not an actress, but a young girl full of nat-
ural geniality and grace. She seemed to move,
speak and sing without effort or art. All was
nature and harmony. Her song was distinguish-
ed especially by its purity, and the power of soul
which seemed to swell in her tones. Her "me-
zo voice" was delightful. In the night scene
where Agatha, seeing her lover come, breathes
out her joy in rapturous song, our young sing-
er on turning from the window, at the back of
the theatre, to the spectators again, was pale
for joy. And in that pale joyousness she sang
with a burst of outflowing love and life that
called forth, not the mirth, but the tears of the
auditors.

From this time she was the declared favorite
of the Swedish public, whose musical tastes and
knowledge are said not to be surpassed. And
year after year, she continued so, though, after
a time, her voice, being overstrained, lost some-
what of its freshness, and the public being sat-
iated, no more crowded the house when she
was singing. Still, at that time, she could be
heard singing and playing more delightfully
than ever in Pamina (in Zaubertote) or in An-
na Bolena, though the opera was almost desert-
ed. She evidently sang for the pleasure of the
song.

By that time she went to take lessons of Gar-
cia, in Paris, and so give the finishing touch to
her musical education. There she acquired that
warble in which she is said to have been equal-
led by no singer, and which could be compared
only to that of the soaring and warbling lark, if
the lark had a soul.

And then the young girl went abroad and
sang on foreign shores and to foreign people.
She charmed Denmark, she charmed Germany,
she charmed England. She was caressed and
courted every where, even to adulation. At the
courts of kings, the houses of the great and no-
ble, she was feasted as one of the graces of
nature and art. She was covered with laurels
and jewels. But friends wrote of her, "In the
midst of these splendors she only thinks of her
Sweden, and years for her friends and her peo-
ple."

One dusky October night, crowds of people
(the most part by their dress, seemed to belong
to the upper classes of society) thronged on the
shore of the Baltic harbor at Stockholm. All
looked toward the sea. There was a rumor of
expectance and pleasure. Hours passed away,
and the crowds still gathered, and waited and
looked out eagerly toward the sea. At length
a brilliant rocket rose joyfully, far out at the en-
trance of the harbor, and was greeted with a gen-
eral buzz on the shore.

"There she comes! there she is!" A large
steamer now came whirling on its triumphant
way through the flocks of ships and boats lying
in the harbor, toward the shore of the "Skepps-
bero." Flashing rockets marked its way in the
dark as it advanced. The crowds on the shore
pressed forward as if to meet it. Now the levita-
tion of the waters was heard thundering near-
er and nearer; now it relented, now again push-
ed on, foaming and splashing; now it lay still.
And, there on the front of the deck, was seen
by the light of lamps and rockets, a pale, grace-
ful young woman, her eyes brilliant with tears,
and lips radiant with smiles, waving her hand-
kerchief to her friends and countrymen on the
shore.

It was she again—our poor, plain, neglected
little girl of former days—who now came back
in triumph to her fatherland. But no more poor,
no more plain, no more neglected. She had be-
come rich; she had in her slender person the
power to charm and inspire multitudes.

Some days later, we read in the papers of
Stockholm, an address to the public written by
the beloved singer, stating, with noble simplicity,
that "as she once more had the happiness to be
in her native land, she would be glad to sing
again to her countrymen, and that the income of
the operas in which she was this season to ap-
pear, would be devoted to raise a fund for a
school where *clerks* for the theatre would be edu-
cated to virtue and knowledge." The intelli-
gence was received as it deserved, and of course
the Opera was crowded every night the be-
loved singer sang there. The first time she again
appeared in *Sommambula* (one of her favorites
roles), the public, after the curtain was drop-
ped, called her back with great enthusiasm, and
received her, when she appeared, with a roar of
hurras. In the midst of the burst of applause
a clear and melodious warbling was heard.—
The hurrahs were hushed instantly. And we
saw the lovely singer standing with her arms
slightly extended, somewhat bowing forward,
graceful as a bird on its branch warbling, war-
bling as no bird ever did, from note to note—
and on every one a clear, strong, soaring war-
ble—until she fell into the *retournelle* of her
last song, and again sang that joyful and touch-
ing strain,
"No tho't can conceive how I feel at my heart."

IMPORTANCE OF BEING ABLE TO DESPISE RIDI-
CULE.—I know of no principle which it is of
more importance to fix in the minds of young
people than that of the most determined resist-
ance to the encroachment of ridicule. Give up
to the world, and to the ridicule with which the
world enforces its dominion, every trifling ques-
tion of manner and appearance; it is to toss
courage and firmness to the winds, to combat
with the mass upon such subjects as these. But
learn from the earliest days to insure your prin-
ciples against the perils of ridicule; you can no
more exercise your reason, if you live in the con-
stant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your
life, if you are in the constant terror of death.
If you think it right to differ from the times,
and to make a stand for any valuable
point of morals, do it, however rustic, however
antiquated, however pedantic it may appear—
do it, not for insolence, but *seriously and grandly*
—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his
bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into
him by the breath of fashion. Let me call you
mean, if you know you are just; hypocritical,
if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if
you feel that you are firm; resistance soon con-
verts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and
no after-time can tear from you those feelings
which every man carries within him who has
made a noble and successful exertion in a virtu-
ous cause.
[Harper's Magazine.]

Every body likes modesty and hates brass,
and yet every body encourages the latter and
leaves the former to take care of itself. Modest
merit! what is it worth? The more a man
has of it the poorer he is, in this age of rivalry
and humbuggery. He would starve to death
on such fodder as that capital would procure.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the
greatest treasure, contentment; the greatest pos-
session, health; the greatest ease, sleep; and the
best medicine a true friend.

AMERICAN VANITY.—We are not at all sur-
prised at what in this country is most foolishly cal-
led the conceit and vanity of the Americans.—
What people in the world have so fine, so mag-
nificent a country? Besides that, they have
some reason to be proud of themselves. We
have given the chief features of their eastern and
inland territory; if the reader has any imagina-
tion for ideas of this kind, let him picture to him-
self what will be the aspect of things when the
tide of population has crossed the long range of
the Rocky Mountains, and, occupying the val-
leys of the western coast, has built other Bos-
tons and New Yorks in the harbors of Oregon
and California. This tide of population is now
advancing along a line of more than a thousand
miles, at the rate of eighteen miles a year; and
each year, as the population behind becomes larg-
er, the number of new settlers is increased, and
the rate of advance is accelerated. This vast
crowd of ever-onward-pressing settlers is not
formed of the same materials as the inhabitants
of an European province; that is, there are not
at its head a few intelligent, but delicately-bro't-
up men of capital, while all the rest are ignor-
ant laborers; but every one of these pioneers
of civilization can handle the axe and the rifle,
and can "calculate." If ever these magnificent
dreams of the American people are realized—
and all that is wanted for their realization is that
things should only go on as they have been go-
ing on for the last two centuries—there will be
seated upon that vast continent a population
greater than that of all Europe, all speaking the
same language, all active-minded, intelligent, and
well off. They will stand, as it were, the centre
of the world, between the two great oceans, with
Europe on one hand and Asia on the other.—
With such a future before him, we must pardon
the Yankee if we find a little dash of self-com-
placency in his composition; and bear with the
surprise and annoyance which he expresses at
finding that we know so little of himself or of
his country. Our humble opinion is that we
ought to know better.

Great as is the influence which America has
already had upon Europe, we conceive that this
is a mere intimation of the influence which it is
destined to have upon the world.
[Frazer's Magazine.]

ADVERTISING.—This is one of the most cer-
tain means of securing the public patronage
that any man of business can adopt. With-
out advertising no business man was ever known
to succeed; while by keeping his wares con-
stantly before the public, it is impossible that
he can fail. People do not generally seem to
understand this, and pocket many a heavy loss
in consequence. The shopkeeper hangs out his
sign to attract the passer by, and places his
choicest wares in his window, that all who pass
by may see. And what lady would ever enter
a dry goods store if nothing appeared in its
windows, nor any sign at the door to indicate
the business that was carried on within? Yet
this is but imperfect advertising. It only pre-
sents itself to those going through the streets,
probably bent upon other business, and there-
fore not to be drawn aside. But the newspa-
pers are the proper medium of advertising.—
They carry the description of fancy and other
more substantial articles to the home of those
most capable of making purchases. When a
man does not advertise his goods, it is gener-
ally supposed that their quality is not such as
should be brought under the notice of the pub-
lic, and consequently no one ever buys them.
This is often the case. A jeweller in Boston,
a short time since, upon being asked to adver-
tise in the newspapers of the country, gave as
a reason for not doing so, that he was ashamed
of his stock. This was a sufficient reason. No
one should advertise a stock that he is ashamed
of. The people look to the press for advice,
and when the newspapers tell them, and they
will be sure to find it.
[Brooklyn Eagle.]

POWER OF HABIT.—Habit uniformly and con-
stantly strengthens all our active exertions;
whatever we do often, we become more and
more apt to do. A snuff-taker begins with a
pinch of snuff per day, and ends with a pound
or two every month. Swearing begins in an-
ger; it ends by mingling itself with ordinary
conversation. Such-like instances are of too
common notoriety, to need that they be adduced;
but, as I before observed, at the very time
that the tendency to do the thing is every day
increasing, the pleasure resulting from it is,
by the blunted sensibility of the bodily organ di-
minished, and the desire is irresistible, though
the gratification is nothing. There is rather an
entertaining example of this in Fielding's "Life
of Jonathan Wild," in that scene where he is re-
presented as playing at cards with the count, a
professed gambler. "Such," says Mr. Fielding,
"was the power of habit over the minds of these
illustrious persons, that Mr. Wild could not
keep his hands out of the count's pockets tho' he
knew they were empty; nor could the count
abstain from palming a card, though he was well
aware Mr. Wild had no money to pay him."
[Harper's Magazine.]

GENIUS.—Self-communion and solitude are its
daily bread; for what is genius but a great and
strongly-marked individuality—but an original
creative being, standing forth alone amidst the
undistinguishable throng of our everyday world?
Genius is a lonely power; it is not communica-
tive; it is not the gift of a crowd; it is not a
reflection cast from without upon the soul. It
is essentially an inward light, diffusing its clear
and glorious radiance over the external world.
It is a broad flood, pouring freely forth its deep
waters; but with its source forever hidden from
human ken. It is the creator, not the creature;
it calls forth glorious and immortal shapes; but
it is called into being by none—save God.

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which
every new idea contributes in its passage to
scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant
life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.

He who dreads giving light to the people, is
like a man who builds a house without windows
for fear of lightning.

VALUE OF REPUTATION.—To obtain success,
usually requires no inconsiderable effort of wis-
dom, nor can such efforts well proceed from oth-
er dictates than those of the purest integrity of
purpose; for, despite the censures and cavils of
the jealous and unworthy, the world presents to
us at the present day a pleasing aspect in this
particular. In its commerce the value of repu-
tation is above all prices or estimate. The
world's good report is as precious a capital as
can be invested in its business; and he alone is
wise who merits this repute, since the experi-
ence of recent times almost universally demon-
strates that it cannot otherwise be secured.—
The instances of the success of bad men are few,
and wealth, in these instances, but demonstrates
to us the truth that when it is unworthily ob-
tained it fails to afford the gratifications for
which it is sought.

The necessary connection then, between good
motives and means, and successful results, in
the pursuit of wealth must be impressed upon
the mind of every man who hopes to attain to
success, to prove useful or honorable to his fam-
ily or friends, or to the community of which he
is a member. [Palmer's Road to Wealth.]

How few parents in our families, how few
teachers in our public schools understand the
right method of dealing with children. Some
are all frowns, scolds and clouds, without one
single ray breaking through them to cheer the
darkness and sorrow of the child's tender heart;
while others, thinking to win by kindness, never
restrain or correct, but are always granting
every wish; never teaching the principles of de-
nial or sacrifice, while the child grows up like
an untrained garden, full of weeds that soon
choke and uproot the flowers that might have
bloomed in beauty. A child's heart is a thing
of interest, and how few understand it—how few
study into its mysterious workings and learn
the true means of directing it.

Its golden threads were made for angel harp-
strings; but, too frequently, only the harsh and
discordant notes of an instrument untrained
comes to our ears. Would that they into whose
hands is committed the training of children,
could be made to feel the responsibility of their
charge—they are to give the character to the
next generation; nor is this all, they are direct-
ing the course of a deathless spirit, which it will
pursue for ever. [Chicago Advertiser.]

INDUSTRY.—Every young man should remem-
ber that the world always has and always will
honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler
whose energies of mind and body are rusting
for the want of exercise, the mistaken being who
pursues amusement as relief to his enervated
muscles or engages in exercises that produce no
useful end, may look with scorn on the laborer
engaged in his toil; but his scorn is praise; his
contempt is an honor. Honest industry will se-
cure the respect of the wise and the good among
the men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy con-
science, and give that hearty self-respect which
is above all price. Toil on, then, young men
and women. Be diligent in business. Improve
the heart and the mind and you will find the well
spring of enjoyment in your own souls, and se-
cure the confidence and respect of all those
whose respect is worth an effort to obtain.

APPEARANCES.—If one meets a poor man or
beggar by the wayside, let him not think such
an one evil because he is poor, or base, because
he asks charity. Who knows the day, though
he be now rich and proud, when he may be-
come poor and a beggar. Remember that mis-
fortune and infirmity follow us all, and do
that for the misfortunate who comes in thy way
to-day, for to-morrow his necessity may be
thine. If misfortune come to thee asking char-
ity, clothed in rags and with haggard brow, spurn
it not, for thou knowest not the spirit it may
encompass.—perchance it is a messenger sent
of God to test thy spirit, and in entertaining it
thou entertainest an angel in disguise.

ON EDUCATION.—We may assert that in a hun-
dred men there are more than ninety who are
what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious
to society from the instruction they have received.
It is on education that depends the great
difference observable among them. The least
and most imperceptible impressions received in
our infancy have consequences very important,
and of long duration. It is with these first im-
pressions, as with a river, whose waters we can
easily turn by different canals, in quite opposite
courses, so that, from the insensible direction
the stream receives its source, it takes different
directions and at last arrives at places far dis-
tant from each other; and with the same facility
we may turn the minds of children to what di-
rection we please.

TRUTH—YET A WRONG.—There goes a virtu-
ous and honest man. Who cares? Nobody
looks at him, or cares a fig how he dresses or
what he says.

Here goes a man of wealth. The lady and
all her children run to the window. "where?"
"Who?" "How does he dress?" He is a
great object of attraction. "How in the world
did he make so much? he doesn't look as if he
was worth a penny."

This is the way of the world. Every body
gazes with admiration upon the rich, while they
turn away from the virtuous in poverty.

Let a man make a thousand dollars and he is
a gentleman, every inch of him.

But be poor and honest no one knows you.

Men and women have heard of such a name as
yours, and you may live at their elbow, but
they are not certain about it.

Readers, have you not a thousand times ac-
ted thus yourself? If so, pray stop it!

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready
man, and writing an expert man; therefore if a
man writes little, he will need have a great mem-
ory, if he confers little he will need have present
wit, and if he reads little he will need have much
cunning to seem to know what he doth not.

If you would get rich, get married—whenever
knew honey to be made with only one bee in the
hive!